

kerchiefs, and half of them do not know why they are doing it.

Out in the street a great moon is riding high above the towers of Brussels—the towers which rose up to meet the moons of years as full of storm and danger as this one—the towers which rang out, a hundred years ago, the wonderful message of Waterloo. The great boulevard is nearly empty, and the smell of the tarred road is heavy on this sultry August night. Outside the cafés there are little knots of people who stand talking to one another as if reluctant to end their conversation; a woman passes on the arm of a soldier, a painted woman with red lips and expressionless eyes. But she also is talking about the war to-night. Down the great sweep of the roadway a motor-car with its exhaust-pipe open rushes as though the fate of the nation hung upon its mere speed. It is full of officers in gold-slashed uniforms, old men with swords held between their knees. A *gendarme* moves slowly along the pavement exchanging greetings with the passers-by.

There is an ale shop over the way near the Royal palace. The ale shop is full of soldiers who have been brought to the great square in front of the Hôtel Flandre. Their rifles, with bayonets fixed, are stacked in little groups of three in the square. The men are going up to the front, they say, in the morning. They are big fellows, some bearded, some clean-shaven. The bearded men have a stern appearance which is belied by their kind expressions; the boys are of the English type, fair-haired and open-faced. Most of them speak Flemish, but there are a few Walloons in the regiment. They too talk incessantly of the news from Liège—of the forts and the slaughter of the massed Germans on the glacis, and of